Adult Video Arcade Goodness by BillysHardgrove

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How about the combo of an adult video arcade and glory holes?

Tumblr prompt that got long enough to be a posted on here

Adult Video Arcade Goodness

Steve didn't know what he was thinking when he heard himself request a gloryhole booth.

He and every other guy in Hawkins had been coming here on the regular since the place opened last year. It was a grey building on the outskirts of town, a neon sign in the window the only thing that gave it away as an adult video store. The video booths in the back were supposedly for previewing the material, but the paper towels provided in every booth told a different story. It was the perfect place to watch quality porn and rub one out in the private booths.

For Steve, it eliminated the risk of his parents finding his porn collection. The only person that had to know about the more-than-average amount of dicks he liked in his porn was the old man running the place and he trusted his discretion.

Today had been hell.

He woke up with a throbbing boner, but no time to take care of it. He had taken a cold shower, but the hormones had raged through his body the entire day. He had been on edge and irritable and so fucking horny.

When Hargrove shoved into him on the court, he nearly moaned. The feeling of his strong chest pressing up against him had unleashed a plethora of fantasies and he flushed a bright red. As soon as coach blew his whistle to signal the end of practice, Steve was gone. He skipped most of his routine as he quickly showered and rushed out of the locker room.

He was already filling up when he drove over.

He needed to get off.

When he saw the option of a booth with a gloryhole, he didn't think and slammed the bills down on the counter.

Fuck it, he just wanted to suck cock and he didn't care what sad

repressed loser it belonged to.

He liked blowing guys. He was good at it. Even though most guys he sucked off had been total assholes about it, threatening to kick his ass if he ever told anybody, he always caught them staring at him at the next party with barely concealed lust in their eyes. He would always smile coyly at the dumb jocks and shake his head, he was not getting caught up in some kind of secret affair with a supposedly straight boy who couldn't keep it in his pants.

Steve had been waiting in the booth for 10 minutes, eyeing the hole apprehensively. He sat on the bench with his jeans around his ankles as he watched three guys wreck a girl on the screen in front of him. His hand was wrapped around the base of his cock and he was aching to move, but he knew just jerking off wouldn't kill the fire that was burning under his skin.

He groaned quietly when he finally heard movement in the booth next to him. He wasted no time in sticking his fingers through the hole, hoping that the porn he watched was correct about gloryhole etiquette.

He retracted his fingers and held his breath as he heard the person next to him unbuckle their belt. It didn't take long for a dick to appear, it was only half hard, but it was pretty. It was thick and smooth, and Steve started drooling at the sight. He dropped to his knees in front of the hole and took the cock in his hands, stroking it slowly. He grinned when he felt it twitch under his touch and went to work. Closing his lips around the head, he sucked hard and heard the guy hiss in the other booth.

Steve revelled in the sound and he palmed his own cock. He needed more of it. He started moving his head, working the other guy till he was fully hard. Fuck, he loved the feeling of a dick in his mouth, he loved feeling it hit the back of his throat and he couldn't help but moan around it.

He pressed close to the wall, bumping his nose against the wood every time he sank down. He wanted to take every inch of the cock and the low noises coming from the other side of the wall fuelled his determination. Steve was bobbing up and down, applying every trick

he knew until he felt the other guy start to move.

Steve whimpered when the guy pushed his hips against the wall that divided them and started fucking into the hole, into Steve's mouth.

He picked up the rhythm on his own cock and started stroking in time with his trusts. He leaned his forehead against the wall, trying to relax his jaw to accommodate the fat cock that was slamming into his throat. Spit was dribbling down his chin and he tried to breath and take it all in, but it was too much.

The guy pushed in especially deep and Steve choked on his cock. Tears welled up in his eyes as he felt his throat spasm. He was gagging around the heavy weight in his throat, trying to swallow down the spit. His hand was speeding up and he was nearly at the edge when he heard the other guy groan.

Holy fuck.

Steve froze, he would recognise that voice anywhere. He had it memorised, the sound of Billy's grunt when he shoved into him during practise, the way he growled when he was about to smash his head in. It's a sound that always went straight to his groin, but now it made him stiffen up in shock as he pulled off of his dick.

'Hargrove?!' Steve exclaimed breathlessly.

As soon as the word left his lips, he regretted it.

Fuck fuck fuck, stupid stupid stupid!

This was going to get him killed. He should've just kept his mouth shut and sucked the guy off anonymously. He screwed his eyes shut, still gasping for breath as he waiting anxiously, hoping he had been wrong.

The only thing he heard was heavy breathing on the other side of the wall, but then he heard the guy move. Billy left his booth, but before Steve could feel relieved, he heard a fist bang on his door.

Steve froze. He was still on his knees, dick in his hand as he stared at the door.

He was going to die. Billy was going to kill him.

‘Open the goddamn door, Harrington,’ Billy snarled on the other side of the door.

Steve swallowed. He was fucking terrified, but he found himself obeying, his hand trembling as he unlocked the door.

Billy slammed it open and the sight of him was straight out of Steve’s fantasies. His red shirt was completely unbuttoned and revealed his broad, slightly sweaty chest and defined abs. Steve swallowed as his eyes moved down to where his jeans were hanging open and his cock bobbed between his legs. The cock he had in his mouth just seconds earlier.

‘Well ain’t this a pretty sight,’ Billy growled and a grin appeared on his face. ‘King Steve… On his knees like a little slut.’ His voice sounded low and dominant, but there was something else there. Something that had Steve whimper and tighten the grip on his cock as he looked up at Billy with big, pleading eyes.

Billy’s eyes darkened at the sight. He stepped closer to Steve and reached out to roughly cup his jaw, thumb prodding at his red, shiny lips that parted immediately.

‘Look at you, gagging on some random dick. That pretty mouth opening for any cock that presents itself.’

Steve could only whine in response. Humiliation washed over him, but the words turned him on so fucking much. He closed his lips around Billy’s thumb involuntarily and started sucking lightly. Steve had to bite back tears of shame and looked away. His only consolation was that Billy seemed to be equally turned on, evident by the low, drawn-out moan that fell from his lips. Maybe if Steve was good, he would come out alive.

So he swallowed his pride and swirled his tongue around the digits in his mouth, only for the other boy to groan and pull away his hand.

Billy’s fist grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him to his feet. Steve could only follow as he was manhandled and made to turn

around. He stumbled when his feet caught in the jeans that were still pooled around his ankles and he caught himself against the wall.

Steve wanted to say something, but the words got stuck in his throat when he felt Billy's hand sneak around his waist and grab his cock. He sloppily pulled on it, stroking his length a couple of times and Steve's knees nearly buckled at the sensation.

'Such a pretty cock,' Billy purred, sickly sweet in his ear. 'Shame it is wasted on a little bitch.'

Steve groaned at the words, his cock twitching in Billy's hand. The other boy's actions didn't make sense to him, why the fuck was he jerking him off? But arousal clouded his brain and he whined when Billy released his grip and slid his hands between his thighs.

'B-Billy, please,' he heard himself plead as his head fell against the wall.

Billy grunted, slicking up Steve's milky thighs with his own precum before grabbing his hips.

'Push your legs together, pretty boy,' his voice was hoarse and Steve scrambled to obey.

The head of Billy's cock prodded between his thighs. Steve felt it slap against his flesh a couple of times before he pushed in.

It felt weird, the thick weight of Billy's cock pushing slick between his legs, but the way Billy panted in his ear had pleasure shoot through Steve's body. He kept a fast pace and angled his thrusts upward, so Steve felt his cock hit the back of his balls with every thrust. It had him moan as if Billy was actually inside of him.

Billy's chest was pressed against his back, trapping him between his body and the wall. His hips snapped into him, the sound of it loud in the small booth and Steve was already close, so fucking close.

Precum was leaking from the tip of his aching cock and he knew he couldn't hold on much longer. He pushed up slightly to find the slightest bit of friction against the smooth wall, but it wasn't enough. He was babbling, begging for more. A string of Billy's name, pleads

and curses fell from his lips until Billy tangled his hands in his hair and roughly pulled his head back.

‘Shut the fuck up, Harrington,’ Billy snarled in his ear before his mouth moved to his neck to bite down, harsh enough to draw blood.

Steve cried out at the sharp pain of Billy’s teeth digging into his flesh, but it only added to the pleasure building up low in his belly and it tipped him over the edge. He moaned loudly, his entire body going taut under Billy’s as thick ropes of cum hit the wall in front of him. He was crying freely now, high on the sensation of Billy thrusting between his thighs and suckling on his neck. His body shivered through the aftershocks, his moans dying down to a quiet whimper as he went limp, Billy's chest the only thing keeping him upright.

‘Fucking hell,’ Billy grunted, sounding close to the edge as well. ‘You really are desperate for cock aren’t you. Coming from just my dick between your thighs.’

Steve whimpered weakly, trying to keep his thighs together.

‘Always… knew…’ Billy was panting, accentuating each words with a sharp thrust of his hips. ‘…you were a little bitch.’ And then he was coming as well.

Steve watched with heavy eyes as Billy came. His cock was nestled between his legs as he painted the wall and the inside of his thighs with his cum. Billy bucked up a couple of more times before his body collapsed against Steve and he buried his face in the back of his neck.

He pressed open-mouthed kisses against Steve’s flushed skin while he caught his breath.

‘Fuck Harrington.’

It sounded weirdly affectionate and Steve smiled softly at how fucked out he sounded.

Maybe this wasn’t too bad after all.

Author's Note:

@billys-hard-grove on tumblr, come stalk me over there.